
THE
MISCELLANEOUS
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[VOL. I.

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DUELLING.

The System of Duelling tends to destroy Civil Liberty.

A free government is a government of laws, made by the people for the protection of life, property and reputation. A despotic government is where life and all its blessings are subject to the caprice of an individual. Those maxims and practices therefore, which remove life, reputation, &c. from under the protection of law, & subject them to the caprice of an individual are the very essence of despotism. Nor is it material whether this is done by open violence, or by the application of unlawful motives, which as effectually answer the purpose. Every man conforming to the laws of his country, has a right to the peaceable enjoyment of life and all its immunities. Nor has any individual a right, directly or indirectly to interrupt this enjoyment. No man has a right to tempt his neighbour to renounce the protection of the law, and much less to punish him with heavy penalties for refusing to do it.* But this is precisely the despotic privilege which duellists have arrogated to themselves. The man who refuses a challenge, so far as their accursed influence extends, is outlawed---is branded with infamy, and exposed to perpetual insult. But what has he done? He has feared to offend his God; and under trying temptations to the contrary, has bowed submissive to the laws of his country! And for this he is punished—substantially punished, in a free country, without trial, without law, in spite of law!

If the despotic principle of duelling, however, terminate in theory, they might excite our compassion as mere distempers of the brain, but their practical influence is powerful and fatal, as inimical to our rights in fact as it is in theory, tending directly and powerfully to the destruction of civil liberty. These tendencies, in a few particulars, permit me to notice.

Equal laws are essential to civil liberty, but equal laws are far from satisfying the celebrated claims of duellists. That protec-

* Hence the mere sending of a challenge is punishable by law.

tion which the law affords to them in common with others, they despise. They must have more—a right to decide upon and to redress their own grievances. When we please (say they) we will avail ourselves of the law; and when we please we will legislate for ourselves. For the plodding vulgar, the dull forms of law may suffice; but for reputation so sacred as ours, and for feelings so refined, they are vastly inadequate. Nor shall they restrain our hand from the vindication of our honour, or protect the wretch who shall presume to impeach it. Is this liberty and equality? Are these gentlemen, indeed, so greatly superior to the people? Is their reputation so much more important? Are their feelings so much more sacred? Must we bear all injuries which the law cannot redress? Must we stifle our resentments, or if we vent them in acts of murder, swing upon the gallows, while they with impunity express their indignation, and satiate with blood their revengeful spirits?

But education it is said has inspired these men with sensibilities peculiar to themselves, for which the cold process of law has made no provision. So has the education of the savage given him peculiar feelings, for the gratification of which the dilatory forms of law are equally adequate. But will you let loose the relentless savage, with tomahawk and scalping-knife, because educational feelings can find no consolation in the regular administration of justice? The feelings for which the law makes no provision, are feelings for which it ought not to provide; ungodly; sensations of haughty pride and relentless revenge; & which instead of a dispensation for indulgence, deserve the chastisement of scorpions.—To reduce such unruly spirits, the law should brandish its glittering sword, and utter its thunders. Nothing is needful to make legal redress as adequate to them as to us, but habits of self government. And are they not under the same obligation that we are, to acquire these habits? And if they will not take the trouble to govern their tempers—if they will not encounter that self-denial which the laws of God and man inculcate—if they will be savages in a civilized land let them be treated like savages. And when they murder, elevate them not to the posts of honor, but to the gallows.

A sacred regard to law is indispensable to the existence of a government. In proportion as obedience ceased to be voluntary, and the contempt of law becomes common, must the nerves of government be strengthened, until it approach in essence, if not in name to a monarchy. We must have protection; and the more numerous and and daring the enemy, the the more power must be delegated to subdue and controul them. That contempt of law, therefore, which is manifested by the duellist, is a blow at the vitals of libery. It is the more deadly because, from the genius of our government, the example has a peculiar influence. In despotic governments the

example of the legislator may not be so efficacious. Chains, dungeons, racks, and gibbets, may keep the people in their place, although their rulers should give themselves a license to sin. Viewed at such an abject distance, the example loses also much of its influence. But under the mild government of a republic, there is no such immense distance between the rulers and the ruled, and no such terrific restraints to deter from the imitation of their example. To elevate to office, therefore, duellists, those deliberate contemners of law is to place their example in the most conspicuous point of view, and to clothe it with most woful efficacy to destroy public virtue. Select for your rulers, men of profligate example, who contemn the religion and despise the laws of their country, and they need not conspire to introduce despotism ; you will yourselves introduce it—you will flee to it as the damned will to rocks and mountains to shield you from the operation of more intolerable evils.

From Zions Herald, an interesting Religious Newspaper, printed at Boston
ON FASHION.

" Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools."

A criminal fondness for dress is a striking characteristic of the present age. This sore evil, like the croaking plagues of Egypt, haunts alike the palace of the rich, and the cottage of the poor. Its pernicious consequences are realized among all classes of citizens, in town and country and it would be well for the Church, if she had barriers sufficient to prevent it from multiplying its victims within her sacred inclosure.—But alas ! how many who publicly profess to renounce the world, with all its ' baits of pleasing ill,' are daily sacrificing the precious gifts of Providence, to the ' Empress of the world !'—What can be done ? Much has been said and written on this subject, but still the evil increases, and threatens to overwhelm the Church with a fatal deluge. And it is to be feared, if something more is not speedily done, that piety will shortly exist only in name—that the simple and venerable institutions of the gospel will be obliged to give place to empty shadows, and painted outsides. Under the pressing weight of these views, the writer has formed the design of throwing together a few thoughts on the subject, not for the sake of becoming an author, but with a view of stimulating some valient son of Jesse, to take the field against this mighty champion. It will not be expected that ample justice can be done to a subject of so much magnitude, within the compass of a few observations. I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to the custom of wearing mourning apparel. It is well known that it has long been a prevailing custom, in this country, when a person loses a friend by death, to clothe himself in black, for the purpose, I suppose, of convincing the world that he mourns, as this seems to be the most substantial proof he can give of it. Now it makes no dif-

ference whether he mourns or rejoices, his outward appearance is the same ; and if he does not mourn, the best construction we can put upon his conduct is to call it down right hypocrisy. It is urged, that the practice of putting on mourning apparel is 'a token of respect for the memory of our departed friends ; and we should appear to be wanting in esteem for them, if we should neglect it.' It is a sufficient reply to this argument to say, that the practice in question looks more like respect for the customs of the living, than for the memory of the dead. How can they be affected by our dress ? 'They have no interest in the transactions of this vain world.—They have fled from its tumultuous scenes, to that land from whose bourne no traveler returns.' This sign of respect for our deceased friends, if it affects them at all, must affect them unfavorably towards our conduct, as they now unquestionably see the vanities of this pompous world in their true light. Again, it is said, 'the custom is so prevalent that a deviation from it would be accounted a singularity.' This argument will certainly have a great influence on those who are seeking the friendship of the world, and are willing to dispense with a good conscience for the sake of obtaining it ; but how it can possibly affect those who aim at pleasing God—whose treasures and whose hearts are in Heaven, I know not. Still it is urged, 'that black clothes are as cheap as any, and therefore nothing is lost.' This is true, if the fashion has no pernicious tendency ; but if it has, there is much lost. But that it has a bad tendency, volumes of facts, abundantly prove. Let those who have been accustomed to say that, they can afford to wear the habiliments of mourning, because they are rich, pause for a moment, and consider that their example has a mighty influence on the poor, who are unable to bear so much expense as this senseless custom imposes on them ; let them remember also, that it is a needless waste of what Providence has entrusted to their care—If these considerations are not sufficient to convince them of the fallacy of their reasoning on this subject, then let them go abroad and witness the poverty and distress occasioned by a fondness for dress. How many families have been impoverished—how many widows have been reduced to want—how many orphans have suffered for the staff of life—how many honest creditors have been defrauded, merely because when a person dies his numerous surviving relatives must testify their grief for the loss they have sustained, by wearing black apparel ! If these facts do not entirely neutralize all the arguments that can be brought forward in favor of the custom, yet they must have some influence on every reasonable mind. They cannot fail to arrest the attention of every Christian, whose duty and whose interest it is to "abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good." Should any call these ideas chimerical and foolish, it is to be hoped that they will not forget who has said—"be not conformed to this world."

Extracts from Captain Smyth's Memoir of Sicily and its Islands,

LONDON—1824.

CHARYBDIS.

Outside the tongue of land, or Braccio di St. Rainiere, that forms the harbour of Messina, lies the Galofaro, or celebrated vortex of Charybdis, which has, with more reason than Scylla, been clothed with terrors by the writers of antiquity. To the undecked boats of the Rhegians, Logrians, Zancleans, and Greeks, it must have been formidable; for, even in the present day, small craft are sometimes endangered by it, and I have seen several men-of-war, and even a seventy-four-gun ship, whirled round on its surface; but, by using due caution, there is generally very little danger or inconvenience to be apprehended. It appears to be an agitated water, of from 70 to 90 fathoms in depth, circling in quick eddies. It is owing probably to the meeting of the harbour and lateral currents with the main one, the latter being forced over in this direction by the opposite point of Pezzo. This agrees in some measure with the relation of Thucydides, who calls it a violent reciprocation of the Tyrrhene and Sicilian seas, and he is the only writer of remote antiquity I remember to have read, who has assigned this danger its true situation, and not exaggerated its effects. Many wonderful stories are told respecting this vortex; particularly some said to have been related by the celebrated diver, Colas, who lost his life here; I have never found reason, however during my examination of this spot, to believe one of them.

Scylla.

As the breadth across this celebrated straight has been so often disputed, I particularly state, that the Faro Tower is exactly six thousand and forty-seven English yards from that classical bugbear, the Rock of Scylla, which, by poetical fiction, has been depicted in such terrific colours, and to describe the horrors of which, Phalerion, a painter, celebrated for his nervous representation of the awful and the tremendous, exerted his whole talent. But the flights of poetry can seldom bear to be shackled by homely truth, and if we are to receive the fine imagery, that places the summit of this rock in clouds brooding eternal mists and tempests—that represents it as inaccessible, even to a man provided with twenty hands and twenty feet, and immerses its base among ravenous sea-dogs;—why not also receive the whole circle of mythological dogmas of Homer, who, though so frequently dragged forth as an authority in history, theology, surgery, and geography, ought in justice, to be read only as a poet. In the writings of so exquisite a bard, we must not expect to find all his representations strictly confined to a mere accurate narration of facts.

Moderns of intelligence, in visiting this spot, have gratified their imaginations, already heated by such descriptions as the escape of the Argonauts, and the disasters of Ulysses, with fancying it the scourge of seamen, and, that in a gale its caverns "roar like dogs:" but I, as a sailor, never perceived any difference between the effect of the surges here, and on any other coast, yet I have frequently watched it closely in bad weather. It is now, as I presume it ever was, a common rock, of bold approach, a little worn at its base, and surmounted by a castle, with a sandy bay on each side.

Ear of Dionysius, Syracuse.

The cavern so called is situated in the larger Latomie. Its opening is about seventy feet high, in a precipitous rock, about one hundred feet in height. The breadth of the opening at bottom is about twenty feet. It winds inwardly in a serpentine form. The length of the cavern is about one hundred feet; its breadth irregular, but uniting at the top in a small arch. There is a small cavity to the left, on the top of the great opening, where Dionysius is said to have placed himself to listen to the prisoners below. In the sides are receptacles for rings, and ledges of the length of a man close to them, whence it may be concluded it was here where the prisoners were chained. There is a considerable echo; but the voice is not more easily heard from the smaller cavity than in the cavern. In the Latomie are several other excavations, one of which was converted into a rope walk; and in the middle of the space composing the Latomie is an insulated piece of hewn rock higher than the sides, of a cubic form, on the top of which is the ruin of a tower. In the last century this is said to have been visited by Fazellus and Donani, two antiquarians, who found an ancient sword and shield.—Those who hazard the ascent to the supposed listening place of Dionysius must submit to sit astride a stick attached to cords fastened in the ground above the Latomie, and are thus pulled up from below: a dangerous and disagreeable undertaking, not at all repaying the traveller's curiosity.

Great Volcano of the Lipara Isles.

"The journey to the summit of Vesuvius, or even to that of *Ætna*, I found a trifling exertion, compared with the violent exercise of climbing up *Stromboli*, and my efforts were the more fatiguing from being hurried, as my companions, who were young men of the Island, well inured to the mountain, by their agility and strength, were always a-head of me. At length we turned round the summit of a ridge, and all at once, obtained a partial sight of the object of our wishes. The point we had arrived at was above the crater; we then continued to descend, and to advance, until it suddenly burst into fuller view with a most imposing and appalling effect. Here we took up

ceive with what velocity, such vast bodies as this and other surrounding worlds must be impelled in their course, in order that they, as the several and various members, which constitute the great system of Nature, may be kept in their respective spheres, in a state of health, regularity and order.—For as an ingenious poet expresses himself—

“ Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility—She dreads
An instant’s pause, and lives but while she moves !”

SORROW.—It is the constant business of *Sorrow* to draw gloomy and dejecting images of life ; to anticipate the hour of misery, and to prolong it when it is arrived. Peace of mind and contentment fly from her haunts, and the amiable traces of cheerfulness die beneath her influence. *Sorrow* is an enemy to virtue, while it destroys that cheerful habit of mind by which it is cherished and supported. It is an enemy to piety ; for with what language shall we address that Being, whose providence our complaints either accuse or deny. It is the enemy to health, which depends greatly on the freedom and vigour of the animal spirits ; and of happiness it is the reverse.

STANZAS ON PRAYER.

[BY MONTGOMERY.]

PRAYER is the soul’s sincere desire
Utter’d or unexpress’d,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach,
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the christian’s vital breath,
The christian’s native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner’s voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry “ behold he prays !”

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STAGE COACH INCIDENT.

An instance which proves that incidents, in a stage coach, produce or promote salutary impressions.

In the company, in the conveyance alluded to, was a young man of sociable temper, affable manners, and considerable information; his accent was barely sufficient to discover, that English was not his native tongue; and a peculiarity in pronouncing the *th*, ascertained him a Dutchman. He had early entered into the military life; had borne both a Dutch and French commission; had travelled much; was master of different languages; evinced by his deportment, that he was no stranger to the society of gentlemen. He had, however, in a high degree, a fault, too common among military men, and too absurd to find an advocate among men of sense—he swore profanely and incessantly! While the horses were changing, a gentleman who sat on the same seat in the coach with him, took him by the arm, and requested the favor of his company in a short walk.—When they were so far retired as not to be overheard the former observed.” Altho’ I have not the honour of your acquaintance, I know, sir, that your habits of feeling are those of a gentleman, and that nothing can be more repugnant to your wishes than giving unnecessary pain to any of your company.” He started and replied, ” Most certainly, sir, I hope I have committed no offence of that sort.” “ You will pardon me for pointing out an instance in which you have not altogether avoided it.” “ Sir said the officer, “ I shall be much your debtor for so friendly an act; for, upon my honor, I cannot conjecture in what I have transgressed.” “ If you, sir,” said the former, “ had a very dear friend, to whom you were under unspeakable obligations, should you not be deeply wounded by any disrespect to him, or even hearing his name mentioned with a frequency of repetition, and a levity of air incompatible with the dignity of, or the regard due to his character?” “ Undoubtedly, and I should not permit it; but I know not that I am chargeable with indecorum to any of your friends.” “ Sir, my God is my best friend, to whom I am under unspeakable obligations! I think you must recollect that you

have frequently since we commenced our journey, taken *His name in vain*. This has given to me and others excruciating pain!" "Sir, answered the officer, with a very ingenuous emphasis, "*I have done wrong*—I confess the impropriety—I am ashamed of a practice which, I am sensible, has no excuse: but I have imperceptibly fallen into it, and I really swear without being conscious that I do so. I will endeavour to abstain from it in future, and as you are next on the seat, I shall thank you to touch my elbow as often as I trespass." This was agreed upon—the horn blowed and the travellers resumed their places. In the space of four or five miles, the officer's elbow was jogged every few seconds; he always coloured, but bowed and received the hint without the least symptom of displeasure; and in a few miles more, he so mastered his propensity for swearing, that not one oath was heard from his lips during the rest, which was the greater part of the journey.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

The authenticity of the following anecdote is supported by the name of the Rev. G. Clayton, by whom it was related.

It happened that there was a pious widow, living in the northern part of this country, on whom, in consequence of the bereavement she had sustained, devolved the sole care of a numerous family, consisting of seven daughter and one son. It was her supreme anxiety to train up her children in those virtuous and religious habits which are friendly to the present happiness & immortal welfare of many. Her efforts were crowned with the best success, so far as the female branches of her family were concerned. —But, alas! her boy proved ungrateful for her care; and her only son, her darling, perhaps her idol, became her scourge and her cross.—He loved worldly company and worldly pleasure; till having reduced his circumstances, it became necessary that he should go to sea.—When his mother took her leave of him, she presented him a New Testament, inscribed with his name and her own, solemnly and tenderly entreating that he would keep the book, and read it for her sake. He was borne far away upon the bosom of the trackless

deep, and year after year elapsed without tidings of her boy. She occasionally visited parts of the island, remote from her own residence, and particularly the metropolis; and in whatever company she was cast, she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed, if perchance she might hear any tidings of the beloved object, who was always uppermost in her thoughts. On one occasion she accidentally met, in a party in London, a sea captain of whom she made her accustomed inquiries. He informed her that he knew the vessel, and that she had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of Charles —; and added, perhaps with too little reserve or caution, that he was so depraved and profligate a lad, that it were a good thing if he, and all like him, were at the bottom. Pierced to her inmost soul, this unhappy mother withrew from the house, as soon as she could compose her agitated feelings; and resolved in future upon a strict retirement, in which she might at once indulge and hide her hopeless grief. ‘I shall go down to the grave,’ was her language, ‘mourning for my son.’ She fixed her residence at one of the seaports on the northern coast.—After the lapse of some years, a half naked sailor knocked at the door to ask relief. The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her, and never failed to awaken recollections and emotions better imagined than described. She heard his tale. He had seen great perils in the deep,—had been several times wrecked, but had never been left so dreadfully destitute as he was some years past, when himself, and a ‘fine young gentleman, were the only individuals, of a whole ship’s crew, that were saved. We were cast upon a deserted island where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow! I never shall forget it.’ And here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks. ‘He read day and night in a little book, which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment; he wept for his sins, he prayed, he kissed the book, he talked of nothing but this book and his mother; and at last he gave it to me, with many thanks for my poor services. “There, Jack,” said he, “take this book, and keep it, and read it, and may God

bless you,—tis all I've got."—Then he clasped his hands and died in peace. 'Is all this true?' said the trembling, astonished, mother. 'Yes madam every word of it.' And then drawing from his ragged jacket, a little book, much battered and time-worn, he held it up, exclaiming, 'and here's the very book too.' She seized the testament, descried her own hand-writing, and beheld the name of her son, coupled with her own, on the cover. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice, which said, "Behold thy son liveth." Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim, "Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." 'Will you part with that book, my honest fellow?' said the mother, anxious now to possess the precious relic. 'No madam,' was the answer, 'not for any money,—nor for all the world. He gave it to me with his dying hand. I have more than once lost my all since I got it without losing this treasure, the value of which, I hope I have learned for myself. And I will never part with it till I part with the breath out of my body.'



FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor—I send for publication in your Miscellany a few extracts—and if you deem them worthy of publication, I will furnish you with monthly extracts under the title of

The Selector.---No. I.

DR. FRANKLIN—The late Dr. Franklin concludes a letter to his friend O. Whaley, esq. (written in 1788) in the following words:

"You are now 78, and I am 82—You tread fast upon my heels ; but though you have more strength and spirit, you cannot come up with me till I stop, which must be soon : for I have grown so old as to have buried most of the friends of my youth ; and I often hear persons whom I knew when children, called old Mr. Such-a-one, to distinguish them from their sons, now men grown, and in business : so that living twelve years beyond David's period, I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity, when I ought to be a bed and asleep. Yet had

deep, and year after year elapsed without tidings of her boy. She occasionally visited parts of the island, remote from her own residence, and particularly the metropolis; and in whatever company she was cast, she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed, if perchance she might hear any tidings of the beloved object, who was always uppermost in her thoughts. On one occasion she accidentally met, in a party in London, a sea captain of whom she made her accustomed inquiries. He informed her that he knew the vessel, and that she had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of Charles —; and added, perhaps with too little reserve or caution, that he was so depraved and profligate a lad, that it were a good thing if he, and all like him, were at the bottom. Pierced to her inmost soul, this unhappy mother withdrew from the house, as soon as she could compose her agitated feelings; and resolved in future upon a strict retirement, in which she might at once indulge and hide her hopeless grief. ‘I shall go down to the grave,’ was her language, ‘mourning for my son.’ She fixed her residence at one of the seaports on the northern coast.—After the lapse of some years, a half naked sailor knocked at the door to ask relief. The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her, and never failed to awaken recollections and emotions better imagined than described. She heard his tale. He had seen great perils in the deep,—had been several times wrecked, but had never been left so dreadfully destitute as he was some years past, when himself, and a ‘fine young gentleman,’ were the only individuals, of a whole ship’s crew, that were saved. We were cast upon a deserted island where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow! I never shall forget it.’ And here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks. ‘He read day and night in a little book, which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment; he wept for his sins, he prayed, he kissed the book, he talked of nothing but this book and his mother; and at last he gave it to me, with many thanks for my poor services. “There, Jack,” said he, “take this book, and keep it, and read it, and may God

bless you,—tis all I've got."—Then he clasped his hands and died in peace. 'Is all this true?' said the trembling, astonished, mother. 'Yes madam every word of it.' And then drawing from his ragged jacket, a little book, much battered and time-worn, he held it up, exclaiming, 'and here's the very book too.' She seized the testament, descried her own hand-writing, and beheld the name of her son, coupled with her own, on the cover. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice, which said, "Behold thy son liveth." Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim, "Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." 'Will you part with that book, my honest fellow?' said the mother, anxious now to possess the precious relic. 'No madam,' was the answer, 'not for any money,—nor for all the world. He gave it to me with his dying hand. I have more than once lost my all since I got it without losing this treasure, the value of which, I hope I have learned for myself. And I will never part with it till I part with the breath out of my body.'



FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor—I send for publication in your Miscellany a few extracts—and if you deem them worthy of publication, I will furnish you with monthly extracts under the title of

The Selector.---No. I.

DR. FRANKLIN—The late Dr. Franklin concludes a letter to his friend O. Whaley, esq. (written in 1788) in the following words:

"You are now 78, and I am 82—You tread fast upon my heels ; but though you have more strength and spirit, you cannot come up with me till I stop, which must be soon : for I have grown so old as to have buried most of the friends of my youth ; and I often hear persons whom I knew when children, called old Mr. Such-a-one, to distinguish them from their sons, now men grown, and in business : so that living twelve years beyond David's period, I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity, when I ought to be a bed and asleep. Yet had

I gone at 70, it would have cut off twelve of the most active years of my life, employed too in matters of the greatest importance : but whether I have been doing good or evil, it is for time to discover. I only know that I intended well ; and I hope all will end well."

CONVERSATION.

In this kind of commerce with our equals and inferiors, we should use an easiness of address, obliging manners, a ready and respectful attention to what they utter ; and avoid a display of superiority in conversation, either from our talents or acquisitions ; which caution will defend us from the hate and envy of those with whom we associate. Those among whom we use expressions of inattention and contempt, or pronounce sentiments with too much warmth and predilection, will either avoid us, or seek occasion to injure us by secret acts of malevolence, excited by painful feelings of inferiority. Such is the nature of man. On the contrary, when we assume no airs of importance, those who know our capacities, and those who are made acquainted with them afterwards, esteem our acquaintance more, and view our talents at a higher rate, than if we had endeavored to blazon them ourselves. To gain the good will of those with whom we converse, the infallible method is, to be the cause of their displaying the acquisitions which they possess, and to keep our own back. Self love here is gratified in every speaker ; and he values us as the means of making himself more conspicuous and important.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom—he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so ; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is often the greatest fool.

There are two things which ought to teach us to think meanly of human glory—the very best have had their calumniators, the very worst their panegyrists.

Such is the nature of man, that whoever denies *himself* to do you a favour, is unwilling that it should be done to you by any other:

ESSAY ON FAITH—NO. VII.

The just shall live by faith, but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. But we are not of them who draw back unto perdition, but of them who *believe* to the saving of the soul. Heb. 10. 38. 39.

No one *can* be *just* in the sight of God, until the heart which is so justly his, is freely given to God in Christ, and every *just principle* is as freely received into the soul through Jesus Christ; then being justified by faith, they have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; and they shall retain justification and life, only by continuing in the exercise of the faith, through which they received it. And can such draw back their hearts from God, or their faith from trusting wholly in Christ? Yes, these by their unbelief may have power to deviate from, (even as by their faith they had power to accede too,) every principle of justice, which would lead them to render unto God, the things which are God's, and unto man, the things that are man's. All who withhold, or draw back their hearts, are equally unjust robbers of God, and worse, for they are soul murderers; therefore under the just and legal sentence of eternal death: and the solemn and awful declaration of God, is, "my soul shall have no pleasure in them," while in this state of alienation. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." And would it not be much more astonishing, if God should have any pleasure in them? All who by their unbelief, draw back, either from justice, or faith, shall equally incur the just displeasure of God. If any unjustly withhold, or after it is given, withdraw their soul from being satisfied with God, why should not the soul of God, be justly dissatisfied with them?

"Because of unbelief they (the elect Jews) were broken off, and thou (each individual reprobate Gentile, who have been grafted in,) standest by faith. Be not high minded but fear: for if God spared not the natural branches, the Jews, who reprobated and cut themselves off by their unbelief,) take heed, lest he also *spare* not thee." Rom. 11. 20. 21. If thou by thy unbelief deceive thyself, and persevere in erroneous principles and practices, and thereby separate thyself from God, thou must abide the direful consequence, Death eternal. Some of those who were just before God, did draw back unto perdition, but the apostle says, we are not of them; but of those who *believe* to the saving of the soul. Those who *believe* so as to persevere in receiving by various degrees of faith, every degree of deliverance from ignorance, wickedness, and wretchedness, till finally, and eternally delivered from all evil, into all good, shall live forever with God. Then the soul may by its faith receive God's sufficient grace, and walk by faith from the very gate of eternal death, advancing from grace to grace, and from glory to glory till it lives in glory with God. And the soul may by its unbelief reject God's sufficient grace, and

walk from the very gate of eternal life, retrograding from one degree of darkness, disgrace and wretchedness to another, till it dies eternally, or shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, 2 Thes. 1. 9.

“Except a man be born of water, and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.”—John 3. 5. Christ does not disapprove of the outward sign, or means of water baptism, which points, or leads to the inward regenerating, or purifying influence of *spiritual* baptism. But he enforces the ordinances or means, by precept and example, saying, “thus it becometh us, human beings, to fulfil all righteousness:” urging the means to be essential to the grace of God, which we have no right to expect, but in and through the means. It is Pharisaic, or even hypocritic to rest, or trust in the means, and neglect to receive through them the grace of God, and the God of all grace: but it is the height of presumption, and the worst of enthusiasm, to expect the end or grace of God without even the means of knowing and receiving it, namely faith.” Repent and be baptised every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.” Acts 2. 38. Is repentance and the baptism of water enjoined as a duty? And is not the *receiving* the Holy Ghost, as much a duty enjoined, as it is a gift tendered in the promise? And who can *have*, and *enjoy* any gift without *receiving* it? That act by which the rational mind negiects, rejects, or resists the Holy-Gost, is unbelief: and who can have the boldness to assert, that he who thus rejects, cannot as easily accept what God has so positively promised, and so fully enjoined we shall receive by faith, as a free gift of his? As soon as the rational mind is capable by faith to “have the senses exercised to discern both good and evil.” Heb. 5. 14. or to “perceive the love of God.” John 3. 16. That mind is then capable of rejecting by unbelief, and as capable of accepting that same free gift of God by faith. The regenerating principle of the free grace of God, is as much at man’s option, as the means through which it is to be received; or where is the justice of condemning and shutting the soul out of heaven for not having it?

Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again; (or born from above) John 3. 7. Man is born into this world, a child of the first Adam, and is earthly, and sensual; but not guilty, until he makes himself so, by his own voluntary violation of the known law of his God, and to this his earthly and sensual nature leads him: and therefore we are “by nature the children of wrath, even as others.” Eph. 2. 3. But God having taken on him, in the person of Christ, the whole human nature, body and soul, as Adam possessed it before he fell: and as Christ the second Adam, has fully redeemed the first Adam and all his posterity from the curse, (or condemnation) of the

law, being made a curse for us. All infants and idiots, are in Christ redeemed from condemnation, and must remain in that justified state, until they are capaciated by faith, to discern both good and evil ; and when they voluntarily act contrary to that knowledge, in choosing the evil and refusing the good, it is nothing but their actual unbelief deceives, and leads them to choose and act so, to their injury and condemnation. *Then* nothing but their actual faith will undeceive, and lead them wisely to choose the good and refuse the evil ; and they may again thus be restored, or born from above, be accepted, and justified, and become (again) the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus. Gal. 3. 26.

“ Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Mat. 18. 3. Infants are here by Christ, classed foremost on the list with adult believers in him ; and why should they not thus be considered ? Can they be any better after they are adult transgressors of the law, and became converted, and obtain forgiveness through faith in Christ Jesus ? If so, the oftener they are cut off by unbelief, and grafted in again by faith, the better they may grow, and the more fruit they may bear unto holiness ; how absurd ! To be sanctified, and cleansed from our earthly and sensual nature, and from all unrighteousness, we must be baptised with the Holy Ghost, and the adults who have actually forfeited all grace by unbelief, must actually regain, and retain every degree of grace, by a degree of their faith, and the highest, as well as the lowest degree, is all received by faith. But infants having never rejected by actual unbelief, they have a better right to Christ, and all the baptising efficacy of the Holy-Ghost, without faith. Therefore as Christ will receive them all, as the subjects of spiritual baptism ; why should not the parents, and those who have charge of them, consider them the subjects of water baptism, and freely present them to Christ in that ordinance ? If Christ will receive all infants (dying as such) through the door of spiritual baptism into the church triumphant, why may they not be received into the church militant through the door of water baptism ? As infants have as good a right to salvation without faith, as adult sinner can have by faith, surely they ought not to be robbed of their right to water baptism, because they cannot believe ; any more than their right to salvation, for want of faith.

July, 1824.

175 LUMEN.

Know thyself, said the Antients, explain it who can :—
The searcher of hearts knows the secrets of man.

Hope blest & dearest gift of heaven—Thy smile can all our griefs assuage ;
To man by kind indulgence given,—To cheer his mortal pilgrimage.

FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

*The substance of a Discourse delivered at Wilmington, (Del.)
on the Fourth day of July—1822.*

—
BY THE REV'D JOHN POTTS.
—

“What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me.”—
Psalms, cxvi.—12.

THE language of our text exhibits a sense of obligation, and a desire to make suitable returns to a benefactor.—There likewise appears to be an allusion to some particular instance of divine favor, of an extraordinary character ; such instances occur in the experience of Nations, as well as individuals ;—and to revive the recollection of them at stated periods, is both reasonable and proper, and fully authorized by scripture example.—Witness the Jewish festivals in commemoration of their deliverance from Egyptian bondage, and much more, the institution of the Eucharistic feast, as a perpetual memorial of a Saviour's dying love,—and I have always thought it right & proper to take some religious notice of the return of that day, which witnessed the commencement of our *political existence*, an existence with which blessings and privileges of incalculable importance were connected.

I will therefore call your attention First to the advantages derived from our National Independence, and Secondly, to our consequent obligations to the Author of all good, and enquire into the manner in which we have improved his peculiar and distinguishing favors.

1st. Among the advantages derived from our National Independence, Political existence claims the first place, as that on which all the others are dependant—an existence we had not, previous to our separation from Britain, having no voice in her National Legislature, we made no part of the body politic—But this day 46 years ago, the Declaration of Independence, put us in possession of our inherent rights, and generated feelings as delightful as they were new—feelings that we have inherited from our fathers, and feelings that at this moment, afford us inexpressible satisfaction—we feel that we are free, that we are a part of the Political body—standing on the broad basis of Liberty and Equality. We survey the globe, and search the Political registers of all Nations ; but find none to compare with our own ; the standard of Liberty is erected in our highly favored country alone ; the banner of freedom is unfurled no where else.

It is time, however, to call your attention to the spiritual benefits derived from this important political event. Here I acknowledge myself at a loss for language to express my feel-

ings—go the circuit of the earth, and it is a fact, an awfully interesting fact, that the rights of conscience are no where else admitted—that religious liberty in its full extent, is enjoyed by no other Nation under the whole heavens but our own—here and here alone every man may worship the God of his fathers in his own time and manner, without fear of legal interruption, and may repose under his own spiritual vine with none to make him afraid.

But what have we rendered unto the Lord for all those benefits.—What as a nation—as a christian community—as individuals?—Ah my brethren, the retrospect of our conduct is not calculated to excite very pleasant sensations—It is true, that as a nation we have guided our political, ark, so that it has escaped destruction amidst the storm of party rage, and it is equally true that we have always been ready to expend our blood and treasure in its defence—but have we not fixed an odious blot on our political creed, by sanctioning the continuance of slavery among us?—Has not our national legislature deliberately opened the door for its admission into the new formed state of Missouri? Has it not been guilty of an act of political apostacy that will most assuredly bring down the heavy judgments of heaven upon us as a nation? Yes, a few more such acts, and our national perdition is sealed. National crimes are *always* followed by national chastisements: sacred and profane history concur to establish this fact.

Methinks the shades of the revolutionary martyrs that hovered over the Capitol, looked down with an indignant frown when the Missouri bill passed; while my imagination furnishes them with language like this “*ye apostates from the principles of your fathers*,” was it for this that we endured all the horrors and miseries of a seven years bloody war; that our dwellings blazed and were consumed, that our wives and children were alarmed by the terrible Indian war whoop, and felt the stroke of the murdering tomahawk and keen edge of the scalping knife?—Was it for this that we endured the chilling blasts of December in the tented field, destitute alike of food and clothing; that we braved the roar of British cannon and bared our breasts to the pointed bayonet; that our blood flowed in torrents, that our flesh became food for the fowls of the air, and our bones sometimes remained to bleach uninterred? Was it that you might prostitute the sacred name of freedom, in the temple of liberty, by forging chains to bind myriads of your fellow men yet unborn?

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askalon; tell it not in the Sultan’s dominions, lest the circumcised Mahometan rejoice, that though he holds his fellow men in bondage, he does not act contrary to his political creed, nor the principles of the religion he professes; while we, holding the trumpet of Independence to our mouth with one hand; and publishing our

political sentiments declare it "a self evident truth that all men are born free and equal--that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are the common and unalienable gifts of the common parent of man to all his children"—with the other we are rivetting the yoke of bondage on the necks of a million of our fellow men!!—Dreadful absurdity! Horrible inconsistency!

2dly. What have we rendered unto the Lord for our exalted privileges as a christian community?

I answer with pleasure my brethren, that we have not enjoyed those privileges in vain—the fundamental truths of our holy religion have been propagated with zeal and success—revivals of religion have been frequent, and each religious community in its turn has experienced the approbating smiles of Jehovah and the out pouring of his holy spirit—christians of various sects have cast away their sectarian prejudices and associated for the purpose of disseminating religious truth, and meliorating the condition of suffering humanity—Bible, Missionary and Sabbath shool societies have been formed and are increasing in number and in usefulness in almost every section of our country.

But while we rejoice in our spiritual prosperity, let us do it with trembling. It is but too well known that errors have been industriously propagated in our land tending to sap the very foundation of the christian system—errors the more pernicious, as they assume the garb of christianity. Socinianism, to which I allude, tho' subversive of the first principles and fundamental doctrines of the gospel, has by its pretended friendship to truth deceived many—it has had an alarming spread; a late writer justly terms it "*a sweeping heresy.*" I have only to add that its inconsistency with christianity is too evident to need additional proof.

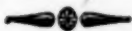
Take away the Divinity of Jesus Christ and we have a structure without a foundation, or rather the whole christian system vanishes like the "baseless fabric of a vision."

My brethren in the ministry, have we not beheld the ravages which this hydra headed monster of error is making in the religious world with an apathy and indifference inconsistent with our character as watchmen on the walls of Zion? I fear we have: Let us be up and doing—Let us imitate the christian intrepidity and decision of character exhibited by the Episcopal clergyman, who on hearing that one branch of our National Legislature had chosen a Socinian to officiate as chaplain, immediately and almost in the neighborhood, publicly denounced the appointment, as doing dishonor to the religion of Jesus, and an insult offered to the feelings of the nation.

3d. I have only to enquire in the last place what returns have we made as individuals, to the author of all our enjoyments for the blessings of civil and religious liberty?—Alas! my brethren, our ingratitude stares us in the face! we have too

often forgotten the hand from whence all blessings come, and justly forfeited all claim to their continuance ; but through the indulgence of heaven they have been continued—they are still continued—and still call for the homage of our hearts and lips. Let us hen, my brethren, celebrate this day by a renewed dedication of ourselves to GOD—by offering to Him our sacrifice of praise for past favors—and by entreating a continuance of them.

May the Good Lord pardon every one, continue unto us the blessings of political and religious freedom—and enable us to hand them down, unadulterated to succeeding generations.



THE SOCIAL CHARACTER OF RELIGION.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man perhaps is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain. How powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God ; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it ; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quack, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruins, where the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance ; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs ; that all their improvements perish forever after death ; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger ; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good ; that an oath is unheard in heaven ; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator ; that human existence has no purpose ; and human virtue no unfailing friend : that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting distinction ; once let men *thoroughly* abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow ? We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy, would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches could illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation.

Religious Intelligence.

In Colchester the revivals are still continued—The last accounts state that more than two hundred have experienced the new birth without which our Saviour said “no man can see the kingdom of God”—and a number were still enquiring what they should do to be saved.

In Harwinton the revival is still progressing—about 150 have been added to the Church. Among this number were 47 male heads of families, who, after living without prayer from twenty-five to fifty years, have now erected the family altar to the Lord.

In Burlington, an adjoining town, 90 came forward at one time, on the first Sabbath of this month, and took the vows of God upon them. They were not ashamed to confess Christ before men, and their hope of salvation through his blood.

The revival in East-Haddam, which commenced in December last, still continues. It is a great and glorious work. About 160 have been reclaimed from the thralldom of sin and satan, and brought into the glorious liberty of the gospel. Nearly all the youth of the place have been led to seek their Creator. These, added to about 130 in Millington Society, makes the whole number in East-Haddam nearly 300.

During the last week we have heard of revivals just commenced at Mariden, at North and South Canaan, and at Cornwall.

The revivals of religion in the counties of Monmouth and Burlington, have assumed an interesting aspect—In other sections of this state there is an increasing attention to the word of life.—

MONTHLY REGISTER OF NEWS.

The News from Europe this month affords nothing in addition to former advices, of much importance. The state of general peace has every appearance of being continued in that quarter of the world. An abortive attempt of the Prince Royal and Queen of Portugal, has been made to put down the old King—The object was to introduce a more arbitrary system of government, but the *Infant*, as he is styled, it seems has submitted to the orders of his father, and was to be banished the kingdom, and transported to England or France.

The Greek War with the Turks is without any interesting event—The campaign not having opened at the date of the last advices. The famous Lord Byron, whose chivalarous exertions in behalf of the struggling Greeks, has for some time past attracted public attention, died at Missolonghi, on the 10th of

April. The differences between the British and Algerines, had not been settled, and a bombardment of Algiers was expected soon to take place.

ITURBIDE, late Emperor of Mexico had sailed from England on his return to his native country ; and circumstances indicate a disposition in the Mexicans to restore to him the royal authority again.

From Peru the latest accounts state that the cause of the Patriots was on the decline ; and the Royalists, or adherents of Old Spain, gaining ground—Lima and Caloa, had both fallen into their hands.

Chili, Buenos-Ayres and Colombia remain under the new order of things, undisturbed with any serious attempts to restore the royal authority of the mother country Old Spain.

DOMESTIC.

At home peace and tranquility prevail. The season, till the close of the month of June, has been uncommonly cool—and frosts have prevailed in the northern sections of the country to so late a period as to destroy many of the early garden vegetables and fruit—but appearances of an abundant harvest of bread corn were promising, throughout the country.—The politicians still keep alive the controversy and dispute respecting "Who shall be our next President," but the great body of the People take but little interest in this war of words, so interesting to office-holders, expectants and aspirants.



THE RAINBOW.

[FROM BALDWIN'S LONDON MAGAZINE.]

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees,
Play'd the sun-shine and rain drops, the birds and the breeze ;
The landscape outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale ;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold ;
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased,
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith, and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud ;—
'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the Moon, that rolls nightly through starlight and blue :

Like a Spirit, it came in the van of a storm !
 And the eye, and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form ;
 For it looked not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
 But its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
 O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood ;
 And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
 As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence ; bent in His hand,
 Whose grasp at Creation the Universe spann'd
 'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,
 His Vow from the Flood to the exit of Time !

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
 When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds ;
 The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
 And thunder his voice to a guilt stricken world ;—

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
 And the sword, and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
 And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain :—

Not such was that Rainbow, that beautiful one !
 Whose arch was refraction, its key stone—the Sun ;
 A pavilion it seem'd which the deity graced,
 And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.

Awhile and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
 Like Love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb ;
 Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
 As Love had just vanish'd, or Hope had expired

I gaz'd not alone on that source of my song ;—
 To all who beheld it these verses belong,
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !
 Each full heart expanded—grew warm—and adored !

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
 That Bow, from my sight, pass'd for ever away ;
 Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
 That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
 With the strong and unperishing colors of mind ;
 A part of my being beyond my control,
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

AH ! cottage of BETHANY happy wast thou,
 Where often the Saviour was wont to repair ;
 That time has long passed into distance and now
 No Mary can boast that the "Master" is there.
 But though not in presence our Saviour be nigh,
 A guest to partake, and a teacher to guide ;
 Faith sees, though unseen by the bodily eye,
 Him, present in Spirit on every side.
 Yes, Saviour, thou surely art here, for thou did'st
 A promise bestow as thou passedst away ;
 That thou would'st forever be found in the midst,
 Of two or of three who assemble to pray.